SUPER FREE GIFT INSIDE!

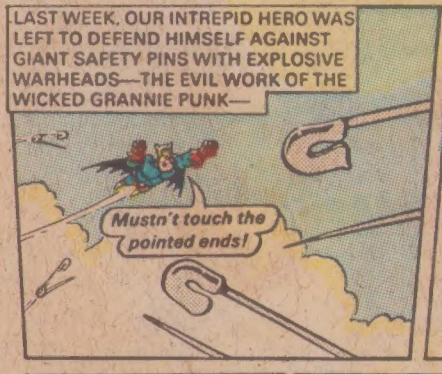
NUTTY

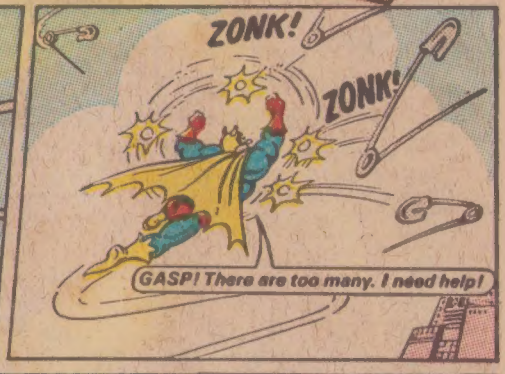
IR-17p (Inc. VAT)

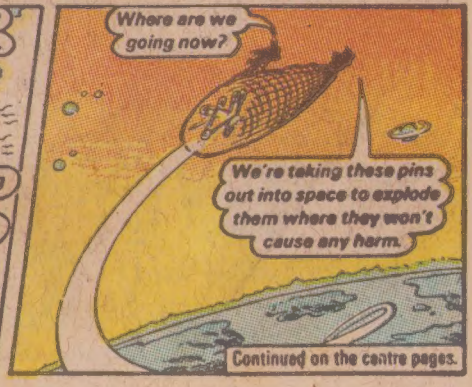
No. 107 February 27th, 1982 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

BANANAMAN


LAST WEEK, OUR INTREPID HERO WAS LEFT TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST GIANT SAFETY PINS WITH EXPLOSIVE WARHEADS—THE EVIL WORK OF THE WICKED GRANNIE PUNK—
Mustn't touch the pointed ends!





Continued on the centre pages.

JAY R. HOOD

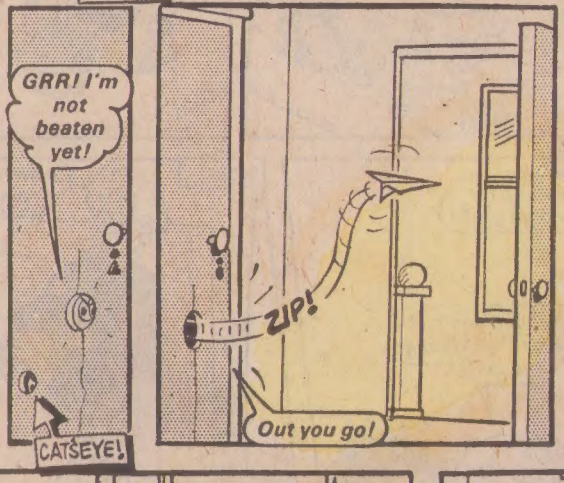
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

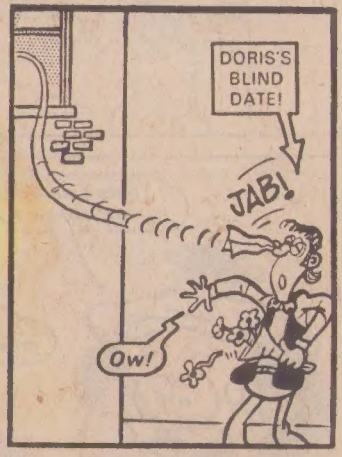
PETER Pest

OOH! Such excitement! I'm off on a blind date tonight!
POWDER PUFF!
Can I come? Can I come?
POWDERED PUSS!

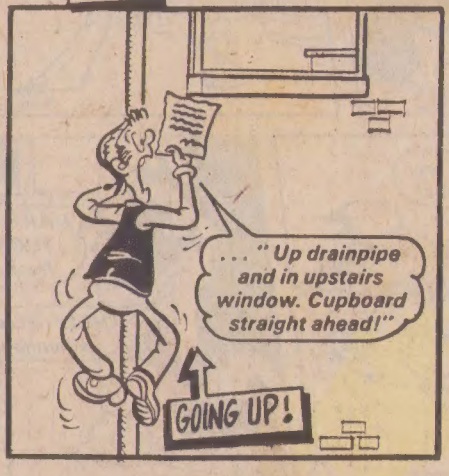
SO...
Why, of course! After you!
Thanks, Sis! You won't regret this!
SKIP
SKIP
SKIPITTY
SKIP

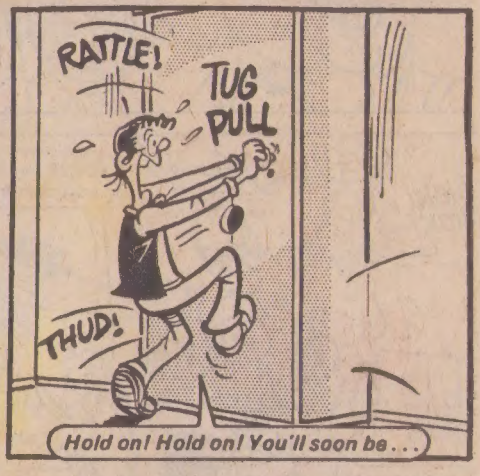
SLAM!
HEY!
I know I won't! That's the broom cupboard!

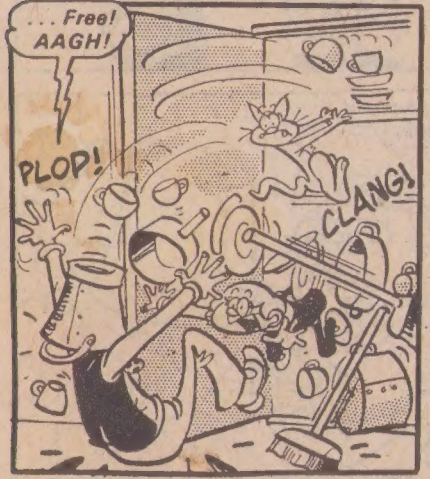

GRR! I'm not beaten yet!
CATSEYE!
ZIP!
Out you go!


DORIS'S BLIND DATE!
JAB!
Ow!

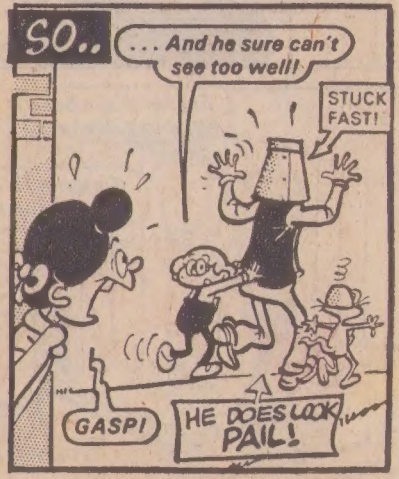
What's this? " Held prisoner by evil Dorisia in upstairs broom cupboard. No food— no drink " . . .


. . . " Up drainpipe and in upstairs window. Cupboard straight ahead!"
GOING UP!

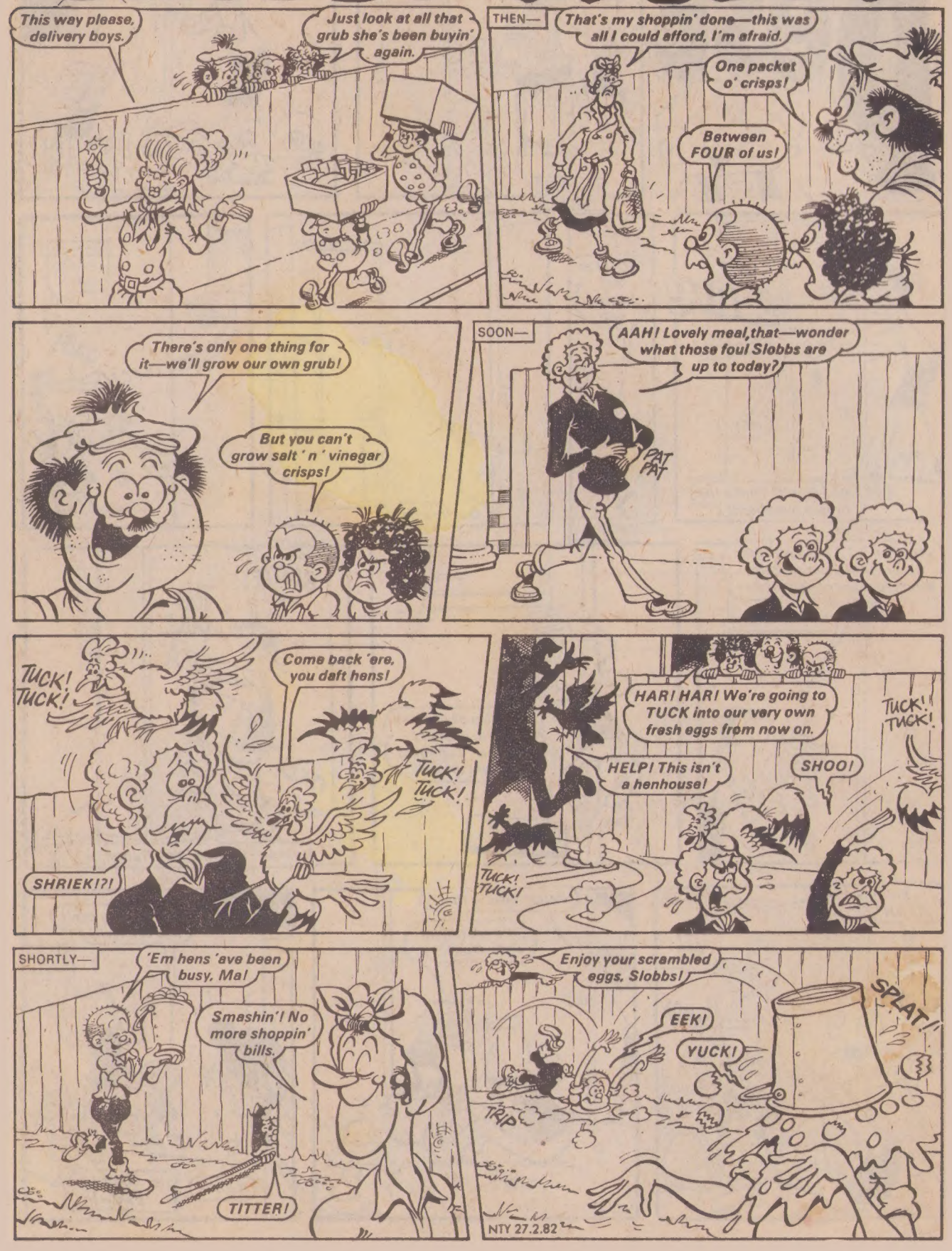

RATTLE!
TUG PULL
THUD!
Hold on! Hold on! You'll soon be . . .

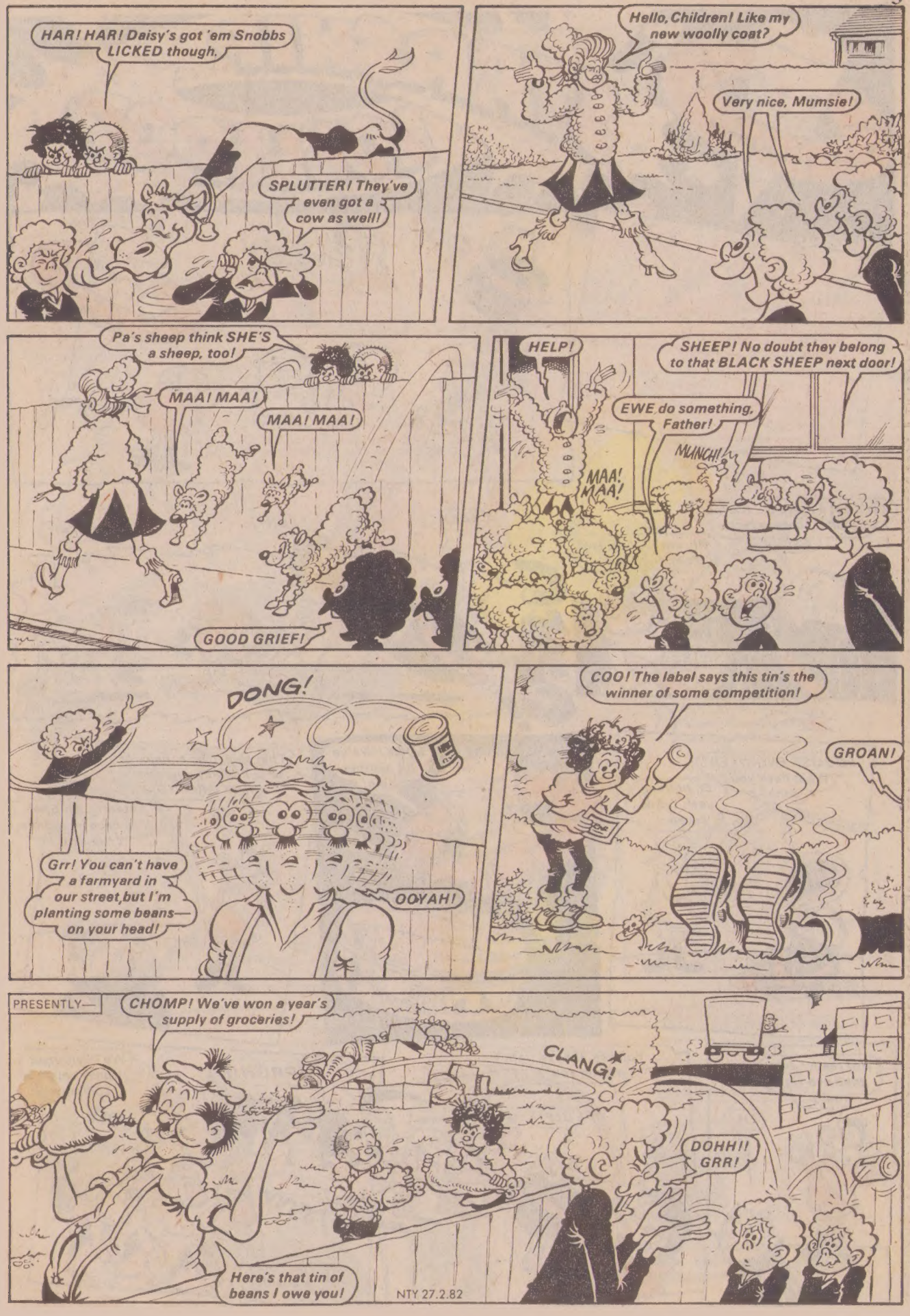

. . . Free! AAGH!
PLOP!
CLANG!

Peter! Who is that?
It's your blind date, Doris! . . .
NTY 27.2.82


SO..
. . . And he sure can't see too well!
STUCK FAST!
GASP!
HE DOES LOOK PAIL!

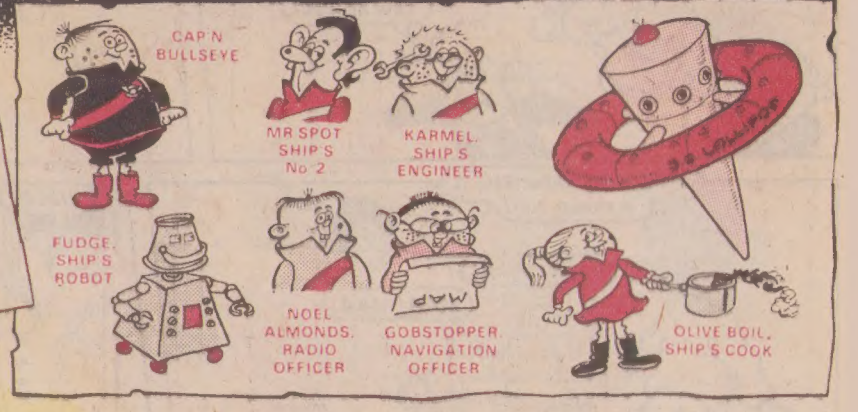
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

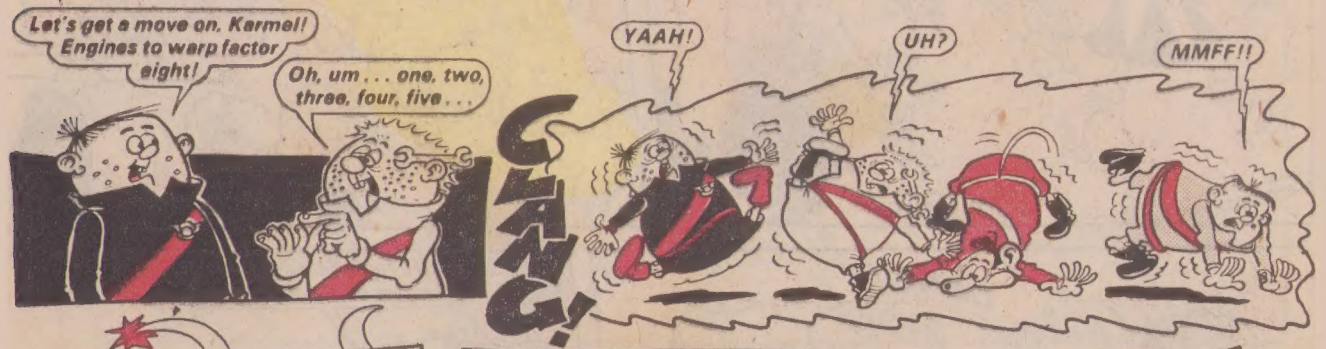

This way please, delivery boys.
Just look at all that grub she's been buyin' again.
THEN—
That's my shoppin' done—this was all I could afford, I'm afraid.
One packet o' crisps!
Between FOUR of us!
There's only one thing for it—we'll grow our own grub!
But you can't grow salt 'n' vinegar crisps!
SOON—
AAH! Lovely meal, that—wonder what those foul Slobbs are up to today?
PAT PAT
TUCK! TUCK!
Come back 'ere, you daft hens!
TUCK! TUCK!
SHRIEK!?!
HAR! HAR! We're going to TUCK into our very own fresh eggs from now on.
TUCK! TUCK!
HELP! This isn't a henhouse!
SHOO!
TUCK! TUCK!
SHORTLY—
'Em hens 'ave been busy, Ma!
Smashin'! No more shoppin' bills.
TITTER!
Enjoy your scrambled eggs, Slobbs!
SPLAT!
EEK!
YUCK!
TRIP
NTY 27.2.82

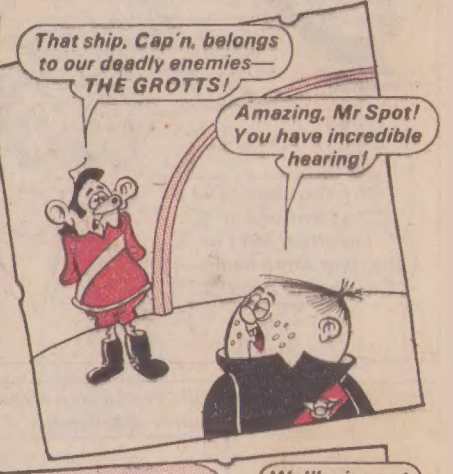

HAR! HAR! Daisy's got 'em Snobbs LICKED though.
SPLUTTER! They've even got a cow as well!
Hello, Children! Like my new woolly coat?
Very nice, Mumsie!
Pa's sheep think SHE'S a sheep, too!
MAA! MAA!
MAA! MAA!
GOOD GRIEF!
HELP!
SHEEP! No doubt they belong to that BLACK SHEEP next door!
EWE do something, Father!
MUNCH!
MAA! MAA!
DONG!
Grr! You can't have a farmyard in our street, but I'm planting some beans— on your head!
OOYAH!
COO! The label says this tin's the winner of some competition!
GROAN!
PRESENTLY—
CHOMP! We've won a year's supply of groceries!
CLANG!
DOHH!! GRR!
Here's that tin of beans I owe you!
NTY 27.2.82

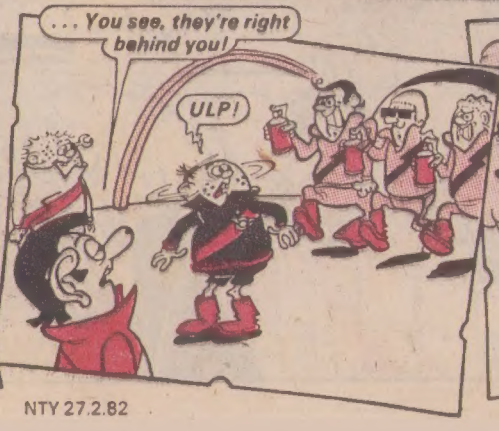
STARSHIP LOLLIPOP

...IT'S THE YEAR 2000...
...SPACE TRAVEL IS COMMON
...FEARLESS SHIPS*
CAPTAINS ROAM THE
UNIVERSE GOING BOLDLY
WHERE NO ONE, EVER
WANTED TO GO BEFORE...
SUCH A HERO IS CAP'N
BULLSEYE OF THE
STARSHIP LOLLIPOP AND
HIS LOLLIPOP SQUADRON+









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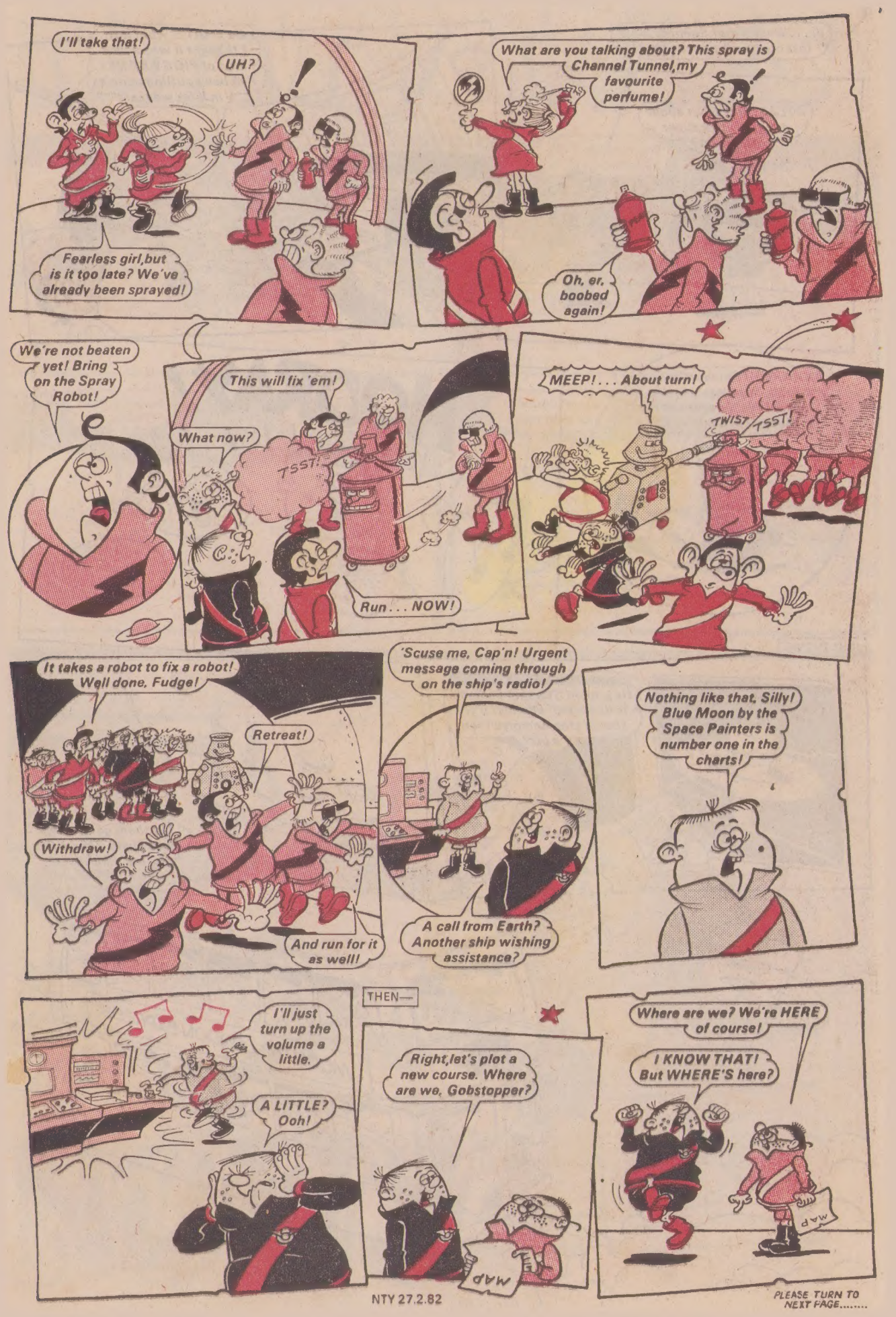
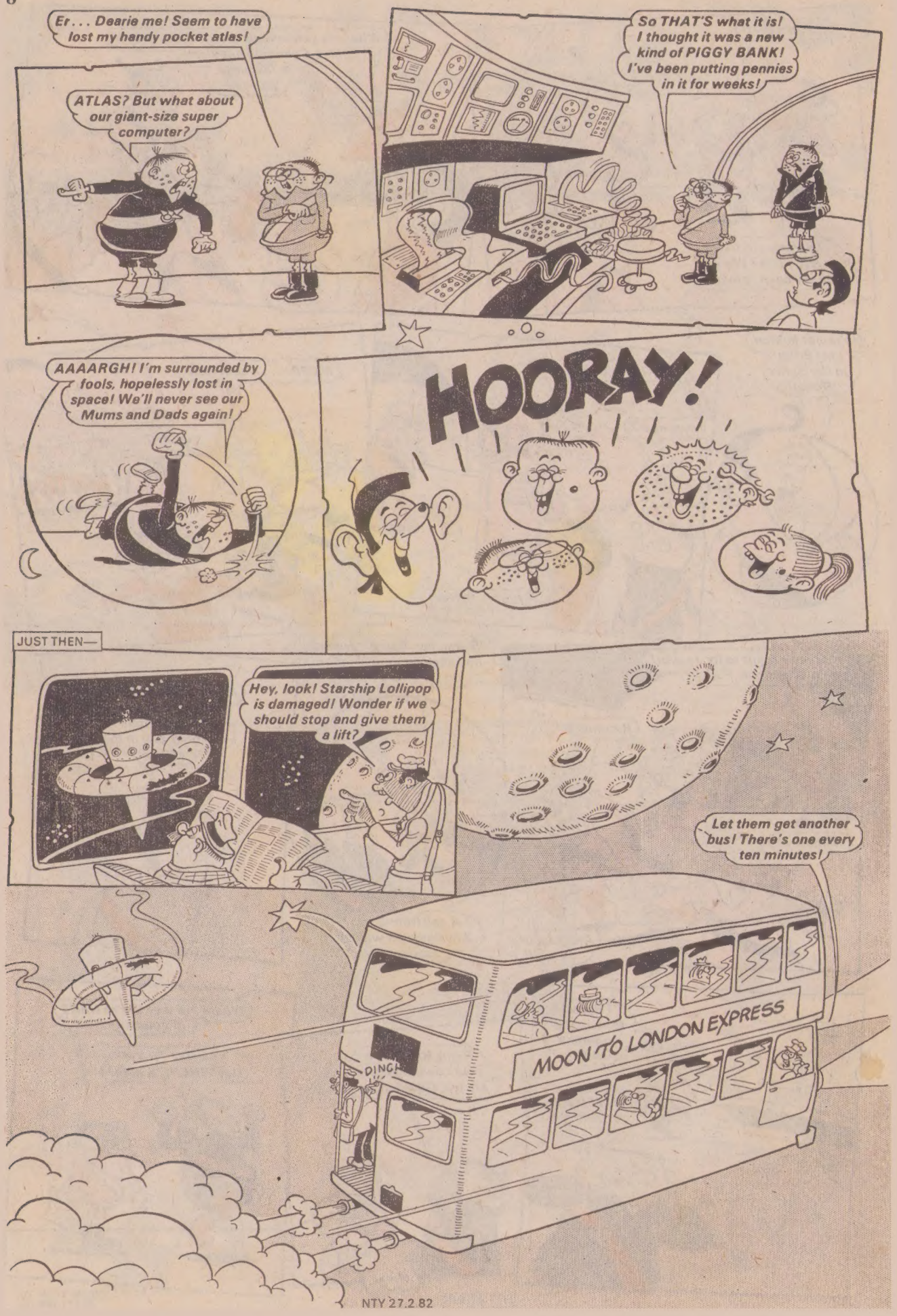

I'll take that!
UH?
Fearless girl,but is it too late? We've already been sprayed!
What are you talking about? This spray is Channel Tunnel,my favourite perfume!
Oh, er, boobed again!
We're not beaten yet! Bring on the Spray Robot!
This will fix 'em!
What now?
TSST!
Run... NOW!
MEEP!... About turn!
TWIST
TSST!
It takes a robot to fix a robot! Well done, Fudge!
Retreat!
Withdraw!
And run for it as well!
'Scuse me, Cap'n! Urgent message coming through on the ship's radio!
A call from Earth? Another ship wishing assistance?
Nothing like that, Silly! Blue Moon by the Space Painters is number one in the charts!
THEN—
I'll just turn up the volume a little.
A LITTLE? Ooh!
Right,let's plot a new course. Where are we, Gobstopper?
MAP
Where are we? We're HERE of course!
I KNOW THAT! But WHERE'S here?
MAP

NTY 27.2.82

PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE.....


Er . . . Dearie me! Seem to have lost my handy pocket atlas!
ATLAS? But what about our giant-size super computer?
So THAT'S what it is! I thought it was a new kind of PIGGY BANK! I've been putting pennies in it for weeks!
AAAARGH! I'm surrounded by fools, hopelessly lost in space! We'll never see our Mums and Dads again!
HOORAY!
JUST THEN—
Hey, look! Starship Lollipop is damaged! Wonder if we should stop and give them a lift?
Let them get another bus! There's one every ten minutes!
MOON TO LONDON EXPRESS
DING!
NTY 27.2.82

NUTTY TALES

Keep going! We'll soon be there!
We'll never make it in this blizzard!
Not far to go!
Still think we can make it?
Maybe we'd better give up!
I thought you'd never give up!
Oh, I'M all right— it's just that I've got a puncture in my bike's front tyre!

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NEXT WEEK IN

THE SUPERSONIC SPINNER

OR THE POCKET PRINTER

OR THE FUNNY-FACE-MAKER

OR A GREAT "NUTTY" BADGE

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

NUTTY 12p

IN YOUR LOCAL PAPER SHOP FRIDAY 26th FEB. (ISSUE DATED 6·3·82)

DOODLEBUG

I'm gonna thump you today, Doodlebug!
HAR-HAR! Look at him—he's shaking with fear.
So should YOU be, Humbug!
Me? Huh! Why?
Haven't you ever heard of the gigantic BEASTIE-BUG that roams this area?
B-B-B-BEASTIE-BUG?
Yeah! He stomps around like this, looking for poor, defenceless bugs like us...
STOMP!
... And when he finds one, he circles it slowly, like so...
...Before attacking it in a strange zig-zag motion, just like this!
GULP!
Y-you're having me on—a-aren't you?
Think so, do you? Well, you're standing on the proof!
YEAARGH! A giant f-footprint!
HELP! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
HO! HO! He didn't notice I was drawing that footprint while I was telling him about the monster.
NTY 27.2..82
HAW! HAW What a chump! Imagine anyone believing in a ridiculous thing like a Beastie-bug!
EXCUSE ME!...
... YOU'RE LYING ON MY FOOT!
NYEAGH!

SPORTS FAN
SME!
. . . That girl . . . very lucky . . . wonderful gift . . . perfect pitch . . .
Did he say "PERFECT PITCH"?
She has, has she? Well I'm the one to play on her pitch!
Fancy a game of football?
Certainly not! I don't play football!
Well, what about hockey?
Much too rough!
CRICKET!
No!
RUGBY?
EEK!
If you really must play, you can play, "Oh, for the wings of a dove"!
UH? I've never even heard of THAT game!
It's not a game! It's a SONG!
What are you talking about?
Wonderful . . . marvellous . . . perfect pitch . . .
Someone else is going on about this perfect pitch now! I've had enough!
NTY 27.2.82
Listen! She may have a perfect pitch, but what use is it if she won't let anyone play on it?
SILLY GIRL! I'm talking about the PERFECT PITCH of her singing voice!
DOH!
Now I feel a PERFECT fool!

BANANAMAN

Continued from the front page.

SUDDENLY, THE SKY ABOVE IS ROCKED BY THE SOUND OF LARGE, EXPLODING SAFETY PINS...

BOOM BARROOM BLAM BROOMPH

...IS THIS THE END FOR OUR HERO?

HERE'S SOMEONE WHO THINKS SO!

HOOOORAY! I've got rid of 'Nanabonce for good!

BUT, NOT SO—

We did it, Pal! Thanks!

Think nothing of it.

We make a great team. How about joining forces to defeat Grannie Punk?

You must be kidding. I'm not going anywhere near her—I hate punk music more than you!

So you get rid of her on your own and we can get back to being the best of enemies, okay?

OUCH! With enemies like you, who needs friends?

AND SO—

I've got some preparing to do before I bag Grannie Punk.

MEANWHILE, DOWN BELOW, GRANNIE PUNK HAS FORCED THE MAYOR OF NUTTYTOWN TO GO PUNK—

I can't go on the balcony like this—what'll my mum say?

You'd better or I'll start SINGING!

SO—

...And from now on, you will all wear PUNK outfits, listen to PUNK music, and obey GRANNIE PUNK!

PUNK KINGDOM

WHAT?

GET KNOTTED!

BLURB!

Listen to ME, you lot! You'd better do as I say or I'll turn very, VERY nasty!

SUDDENLY—

Here's a recording contract, Grannie Punk!

GIBBER! A recording contract? FAME AT LAST!

DAZED!

Come to my recording studio. We've got to rehearse for your first big hit.

SO—

After you!

WOW! This is my big chance!

RECORDING STUDIO (HONEST!)

I'll be rich! I'll be famous! I'll be the greatest!

You'll be lucky!

THEN—

Fasten your seat-belt!

WH-WHAT?

SLAM

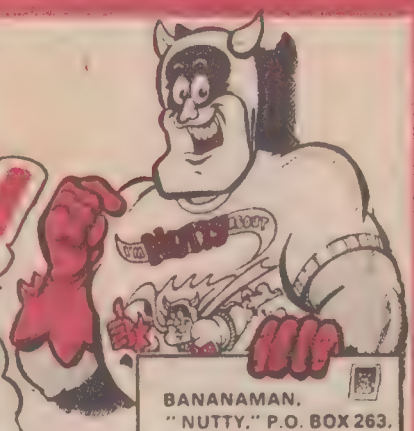
AND—

Punk music is OUT OF THIS WORLD...

...And that's where it SHOULD be! Ho! Ho!

NTY 27.2.82

CALLING ALL BANANAFANS!



Now you can have your own BANANAMAN T-SHIRT, fans! Just send me a funny joke, drawing, poem, story . . . ANYTHING, in fact, that will make me laugh! If it's printed, I'll send you a super colour T-shirt like this one—SO GET WRITING, BANANAFANS!

10 BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

Here's the address for your letters—

BANANAMAN,
"NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263,
20 Cathcart St.,
Kentish Town,
London NW5 3BN.

JOKES . . .

What's a baker's favourite fruit?
A BUNANA!
KAMRAN YOUSAF,
LEICESTER.

Where does Tarzan get his clothes from?
A JUNGLE sale!
DEAN BAMFORTH,
ASHFIELD.

"Doctor! Doctor! I think I'm a rabbit!"
"Nurse! LETTUCE examine this man!"
GARY MOORE,
CO. ANTRIM.

JOKES . . . JOKES . . .

PAUL DENTIN, ASHFORD.

"Knock! Knock!"
"Who's there?"
"Police!"
"Police who?"
"Police can we have our ball back?"
ANITA WICKHAM,
STROUD.

ANDREW McCULLOCH,
GLASGOW.

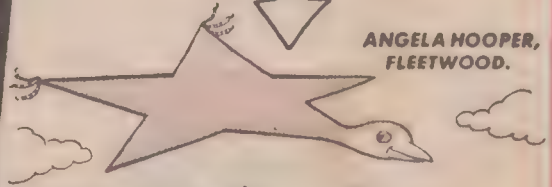
Bananaman in his nightclothes

HELEN WATTS,
BILLERICAY.

A HEADLIGHT

RICHARD GANDLER,
HALSTEAD, ESSEX.

A Starling



ANGELA HOOPER,
FLEETWOOD.

raeD nhoJ, ylniatreC!

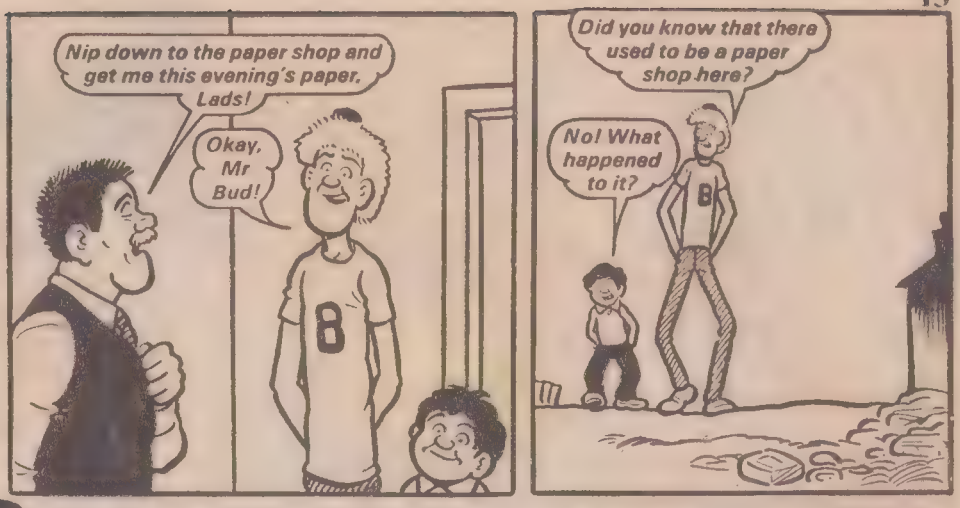
raeD namananaB,
esaelP lliw uoy dnes
em a trihs-T? I dluow
ekil eno yrev hcum!
morF
nhoJ eloC
P.S. I wrote this
letter backwards!

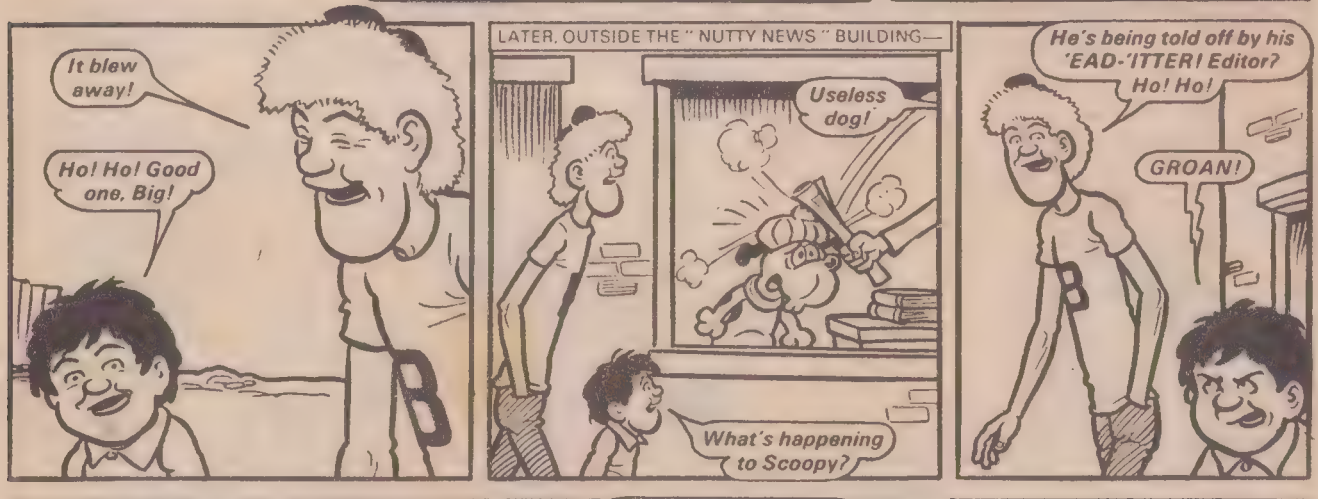
That's a S-HOOPER drawing, Angela!

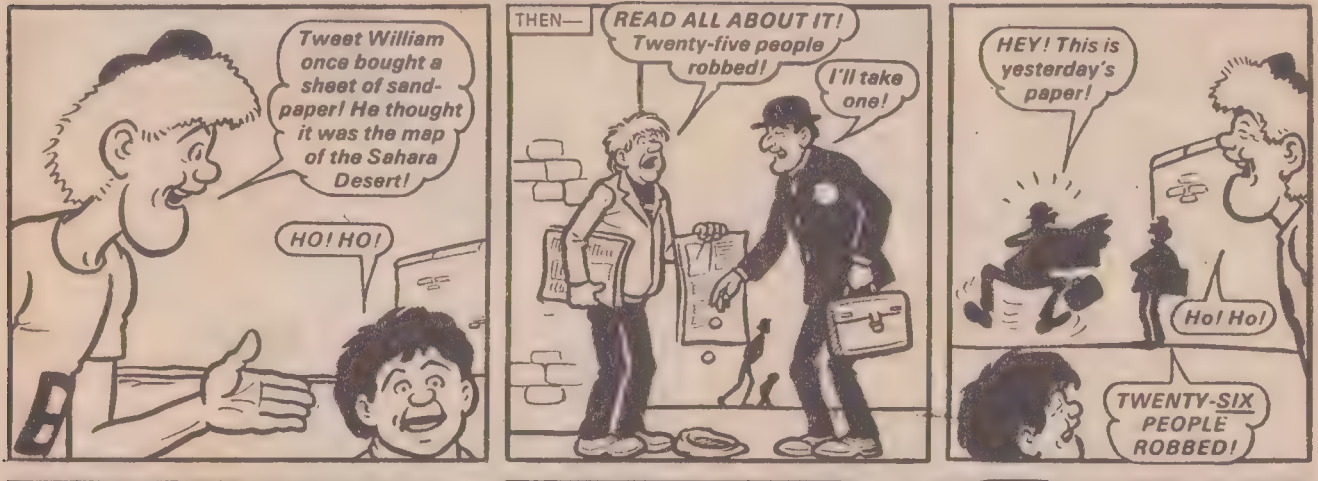
Don't forget to include your name, address and T-shirt size in your letters, fans!

NTY 27.2.82

BIG 'N' BUD

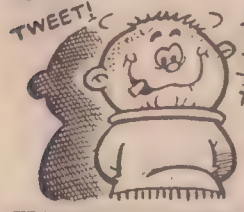

Nip down to the paper shop and get me this evening's paper, Lads!
Okay, Mr Bud!
Did you know that there used to be a paper shop here?
No! What happened to it?

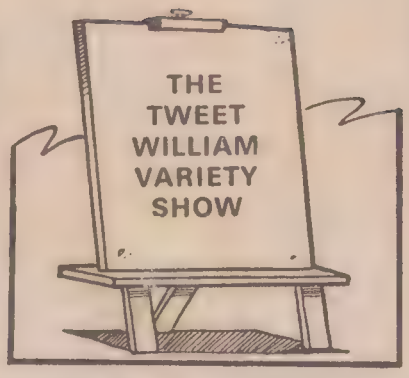

It blew away!
Ho! Ho! Good one, Big!
LATER, OUTSIDE THE "NUTTY NEWS" BUILDING—
Useless dog!
What's happening to Scoopy?
He's being told off by his 'EAD-'ITTER! Editor? Ho! Ho!
GROAN!

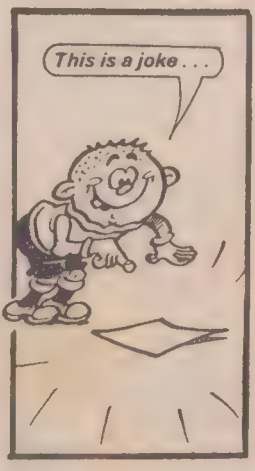

Tweet William once bought a sheet of sand-paper! He thought it was the map of the Sahara Desert!
HO! HO!
THEN—
READ ALL ABOUT IT! Twenty-five people robbed!
I'll take one!
HEY! This is yesterday's paper!
Ho! Ho!
TWENTY-SIX PEOPLE ROBBED!

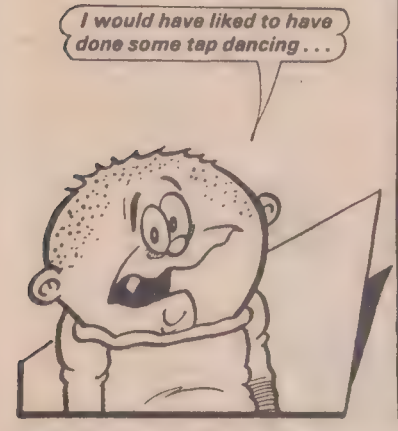
IN THE PAPER SHOP—
Sorry, Lads! Sold out!
AW!
NTY 27.2.82
What'll we get him instead? "The Pigeon Fancier's Gazette?"," Underwater Bagpipe-playing News"?
Nope! Something MUCH better!
THIS!
Yeah! Who wants to read boring old newspapers anyway?
"NUTTY" is FAR better!

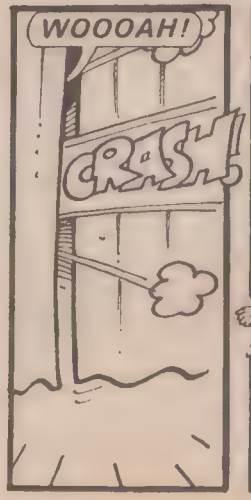
TWEET WILLIAM

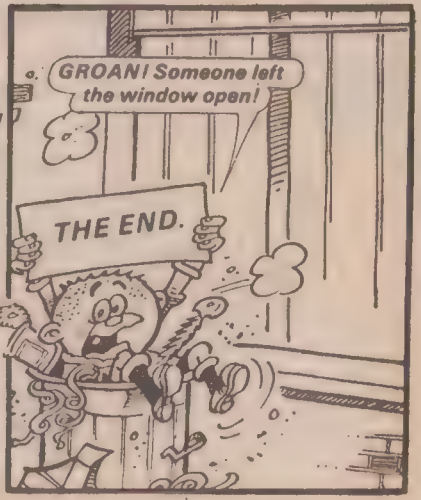












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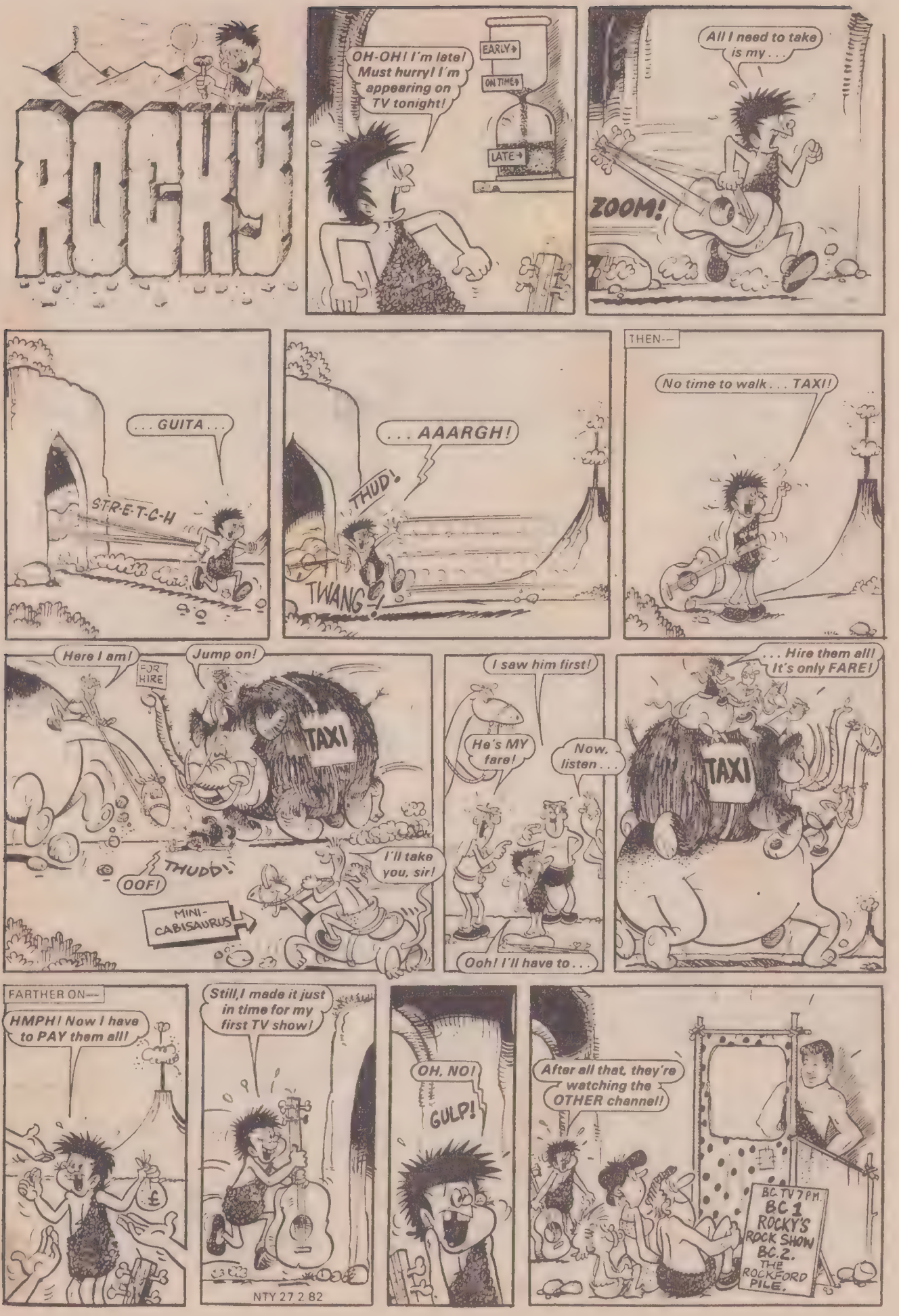
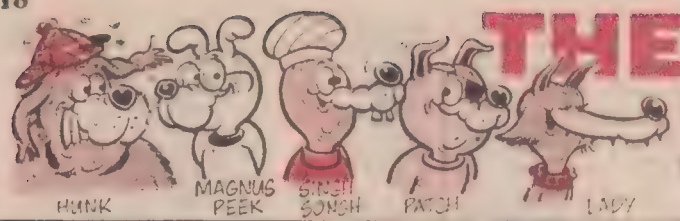

ROCKY
OH-OH! I'm late! Must hurry! I'm appearing on TV tonight!
EARLY
ON TIME
LATE
All I need to take is my . . .
ZOOM!
. . . GUITA . . .
S-T-R-E-T-C-H
. . . AAARGH!
THUD!
TWANG!
THEN—
No time to walk . . . TAXI!
Here I am!
FOR HIRE
Jump on!
TAXI
THUDD!
OOF!
I'll take you, sir!
MINI-CABISAURUS
I saw him first!
He's MY fare!
Now, listen . . .
Ooh! I'll have to . . .
. . . Hire them all! It's only FARE!
TAXI
FARTHER ON—
HMPH! Now I have to PAY them all!
£
Still, I made it just in time for my first TV show!
NTY 27 2 82
OH, NO!
GULP!
After all that, they're watching the OTHER channel!
BC TV 7PM
BC 1
ROCKY'S ROCK SHOW
BC 2.
THE ROCKFORD PILE.

THE WILD


HUNK
MAGNUS PEEK
SINGH SONGH
PATCH
LADY

Here's the computer you ordered, Mr Crumb!
Just what the modern dog-catcher needs!
I'll be able to catch lots of stray dogs, now I've a computer to help me!
Best of luck, sir!
Now, I'll just ask the computer for some advice!
QUESTION: WHICH ROVER SHOULD I CHASE FIRST?...
TAP!
Thanks! I'll get after him right away!
WRRR!
ANSWER:
SO –
There he is! This WILL be easy!
I'll just net him . . .
VROOOM!
VROOM!
. . . URRGH! Blinkin' lorry!
ZZZZZZ
VROOM!
BIFF!
SLAM!
I'll have another go!
QUESTION: WHICH OTHER DOG SHOULD I CHASE?...
I've taken the computer's advice . . .
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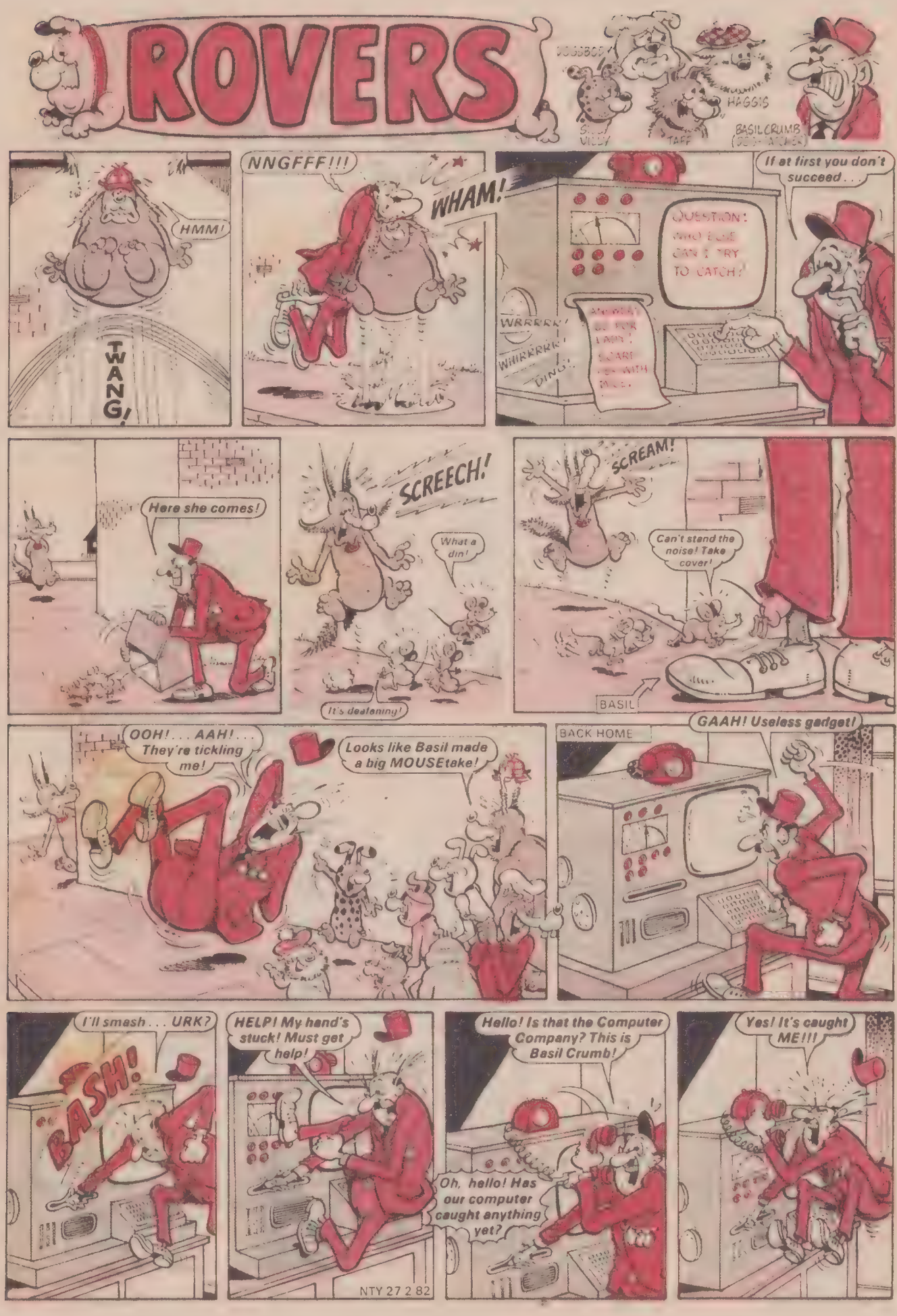
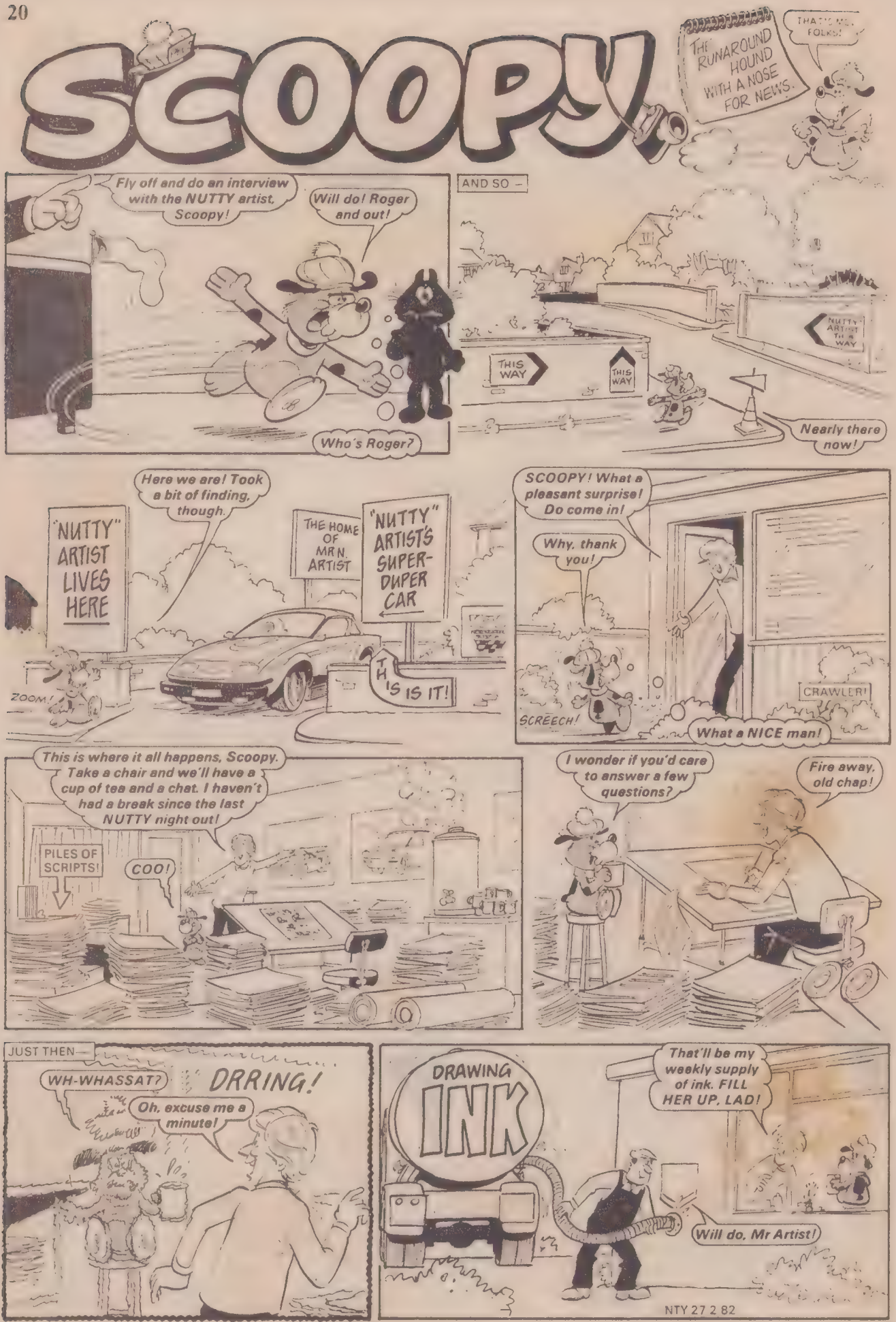
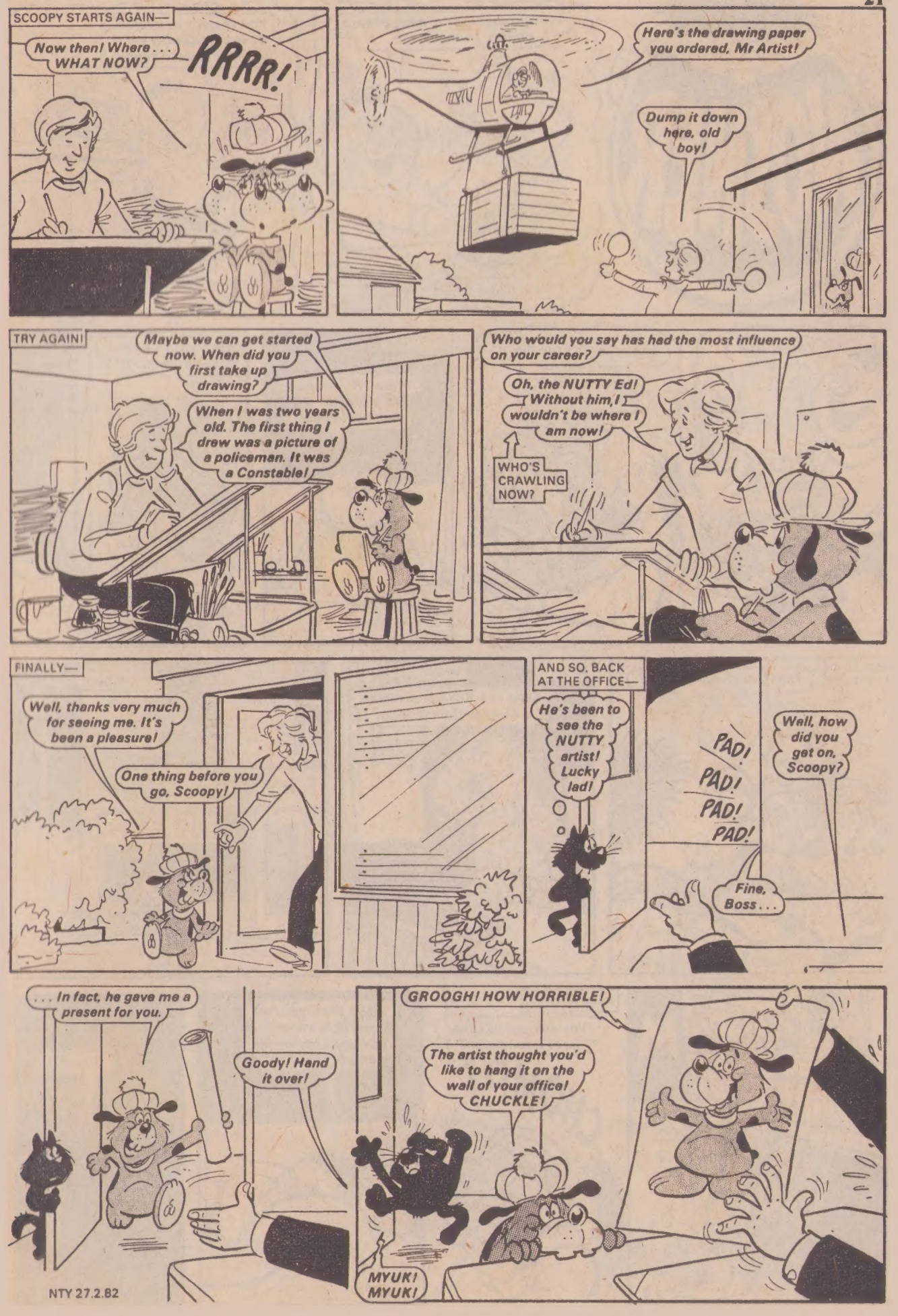
. . . And it's worked this time!
RRIP!
UH?
PHONE CABLES
BYOING!


ROVERS
HAGGIS
BASIL CRUMB
HMM!
TWANG!
NNGFFF!!!
WHAM!
If at first you don't succeed...
QUESTION: WHO ELSE CAN I TRY TO CATCH?
WRRRRK!
WHIRRRRR
DING!
Here she comes!
SCREECH!
What a din!
It's deafening!
SCREAM!
Can't stand the noise! Take cover!
BASIL
OOH!... AAH!... They're tickling me!
Looks like Basil made a big MOUSEtake!
BACK HOME
GAAH! Useless gadget!
I'll smash... URK?
BASH!
HELP! My hand's stuck! Must get help!
NTY 27 2 82
Hello! Is that the Computer Company? This is Basil Crumb!
Oh, hello! Has our computer caught anything yet?
Yes! It's caught ME!!!

SCOOPY!


THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.
THAT'S ME, FOLKS!
Fly off and do an interview with the NUTTY artist, Scoopy!
Will do! Roger and out!
Who's Roger?
AND SO –
THIS WAY
THIS WAY
NUTTY ARTIST THIS WAY
Nearly there now!
"NUTTY" ARTIST LIVES HERE
Here we are! Took a bit of finding, though.
THE HOME OF MR N. ARTIST
"NUTTY" ARTIST'S SUPER-DUPER CAR
ZOOM!
THIS IS IT!
SCOOPY! What a pleasant surprise! Do come in!
Why, thank you!
SCREECH!
CRAWLER!
What a NICE man!
This is where it all happens, Scoopy. Take a chair and we'll have a cup of tea and a chat. I haven't had a break since the last NUTTY night out!
PILES OF SCRIPTS!
COO!
I wonder if you'd care to answer a few questions?
Fire away, old chap!
JUST THEN—
WH-WHASSAT?
DRRING!
Oh, excuse me a minute!
DRAWING INK
That'll be my weekly supply of ink. FILL HER UP, LAD!
Will do, Mr Artist!
NTY 27 2 82


SCOOPY STARTS AGAIN—
Now then! Where . . . WHAT NOW?
RRRR!
Here's the drawing paper you ordered, Mr Artist!
Dump it down here, old boy!
TRY AGAIN!
Maybe we can get started now. When did you first take up drawing?
When I was two years old. The first thing I drew was a picture of a policeman. It was a Constable!
Who would you say has had the most influence on your career?
Oh, the NUTTY Ed! Without him, I wouldn't be where I am now!
WHO'S CRAWLING NOW?
FINALLY—
Well, thanks very much for seeing me. It's been a pleasure!
One thing before you go, Scoopy!
AND SO, BACK AT THE OFFICE—
He's been to see the NUTTY artist! Lucky lad!
PAD! PAD! PAD! PAD!
Well, how did you get on, Scoopy?
Fine, Boss . . .
. . . In fact, he gave me a present for you.
Goody! Hand it over!
GROOGH! HOW HORRIBLE!
The artist thought you'd like to hang it on the wall of your office! CHUCKLE!
MYUK! MYUK!
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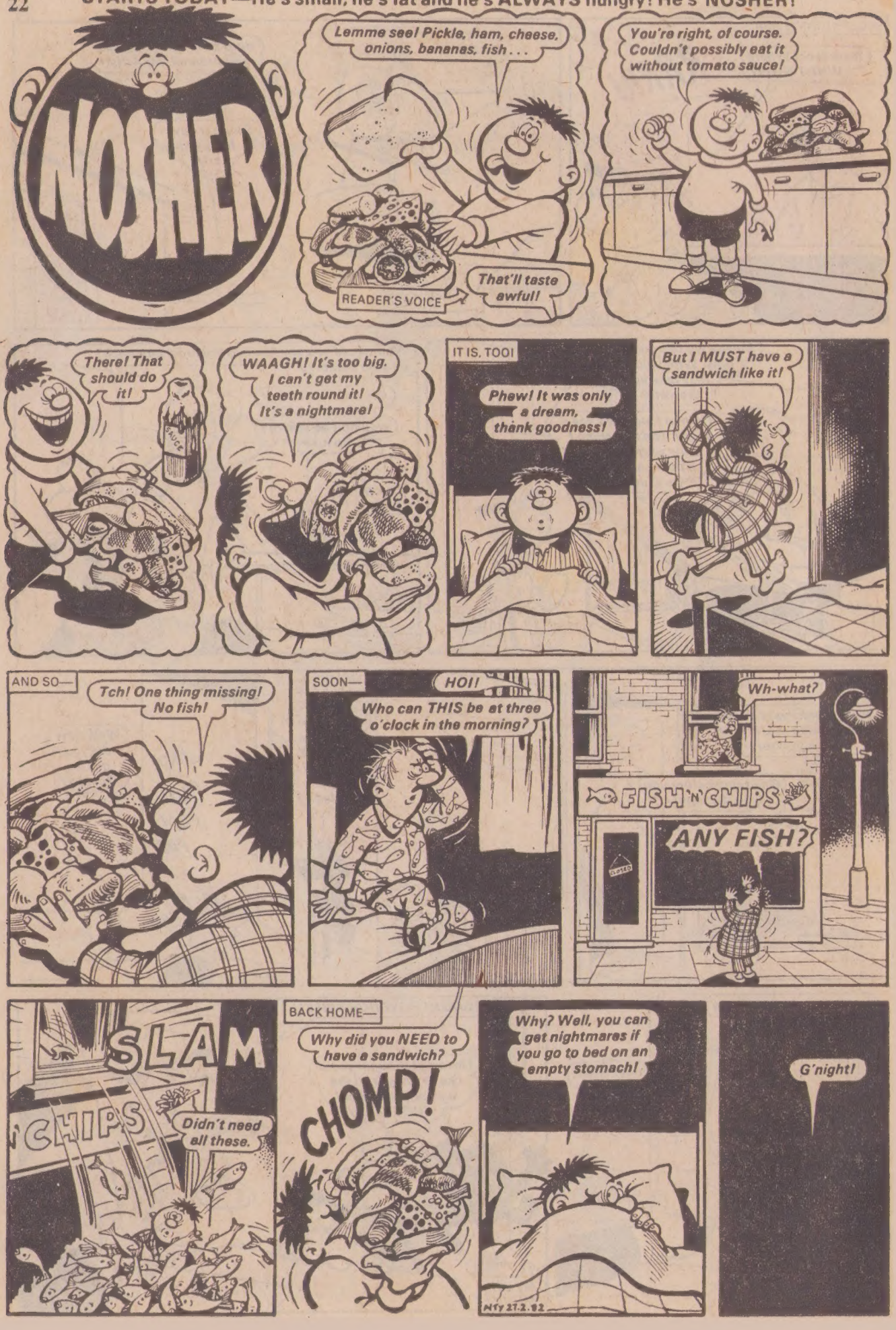
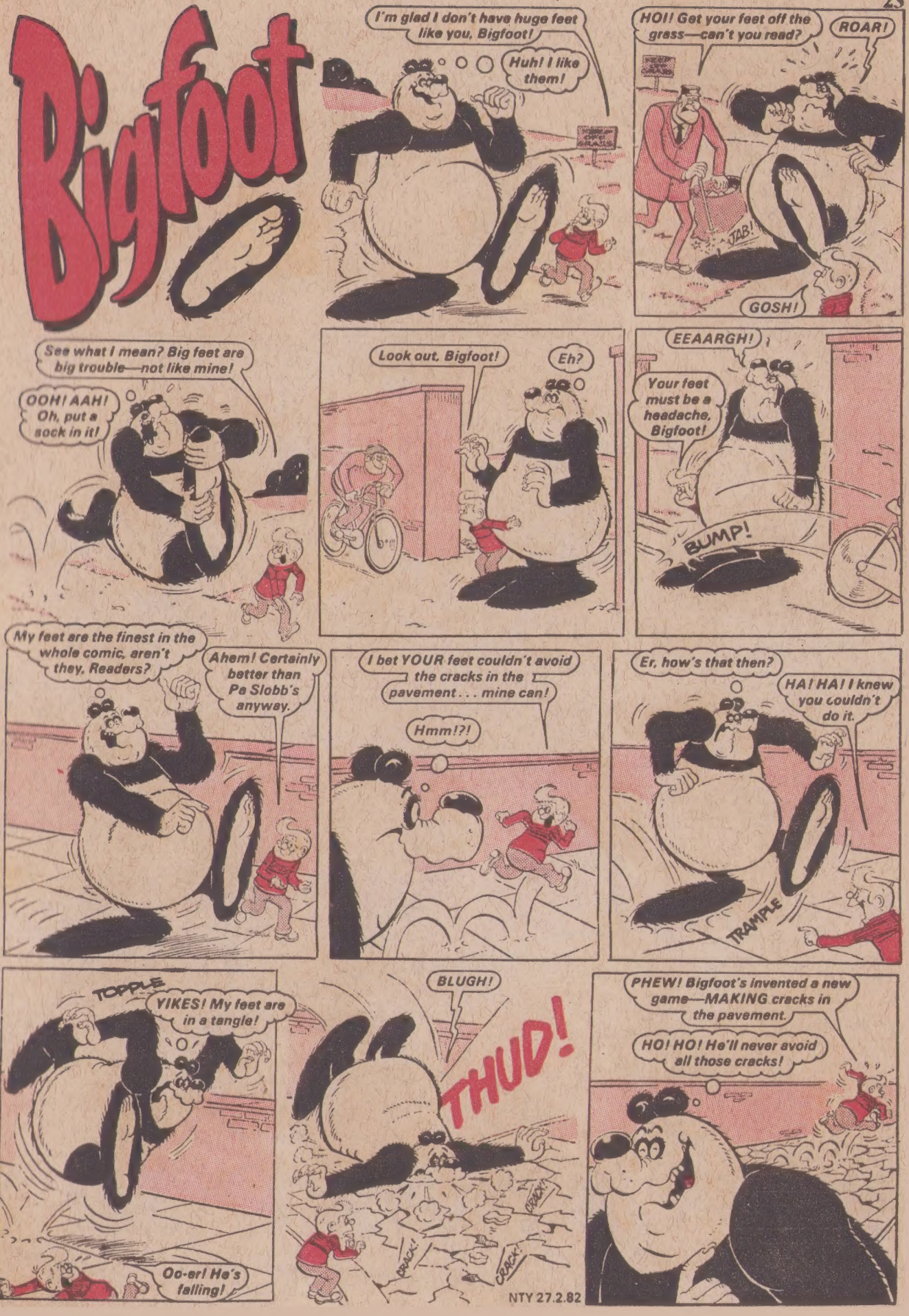
STARTS TODAY—He's small, he's fat and he's ALWAYS hungry! He's NOSHER!


NOSHER
Lemme see! Pickle, ham, cheese, onions, bananas, fish . . .
READER'S VOICE
That'll taste awful!
You're right, of course. Couldn't possibly eat it without tomato sauce!
There! That should do it!
SAUCE
WAAGH! It's too big. I can't get my teeth round it! It's a nightmare!
IT IS, TOO!
Phew! It was only a dream, thank goodness!
But I MUST have a sandwich like it!
AND SO—
Tch! One thing missing! No fish!
SOON—
HOI!
Who can THIS be at three o'clock in the morning?
Wh-what?
FISH 'N' CHIPS
ANY FISH?
SLAM
'CHIPS
Didn't need all these.
BACK HOME—
Why did you NEED to have a sandwich?
CHOMP!
Why? Well, you can get nightmares if you go to bed on an empty stomach!
Nfy 27.2.92
G'night!

Bigfoot


I'm glad I don't have huge feet like you, Bigfoot!
Huh! I like them!
HOI! Get your feet off the grass—can't you read?
ROAR!
TAB!
GOSH!
See what I mean? Big feet are big trouble—not like mine!
OOH! AAH! Oh, put a sock in it!
Look out, Bigfoot!
Eh?
EEAARGH!
Your feet must be a headache, Bigfoot!
BUMP!
My feet are the finest in the whole comic, aren't they, Readers?
Ahem! Certainly better than Pa Slobb's anyway.
I bet YOUR feet couldn't avoid the cracks in the pavement . . . mine can!
Hmm!?!
Er, how's that then?
HA! HA! I knew you couldn't do it.
TRAMPLE
TOPPLE
YIKES! My feet are in a tangle!
Oo-er! He's falling!
BLUGH!
THUD!
CRACK!
PHEW! Bigfoot's invented a new game—MAKING cracks in the pavement.
HO! HO! He'll never avoid all those cracks!

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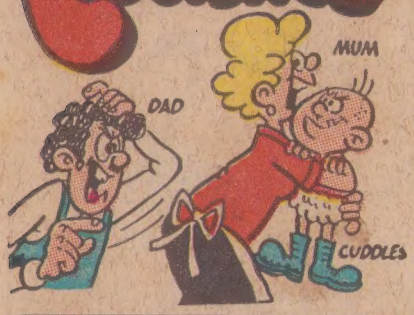
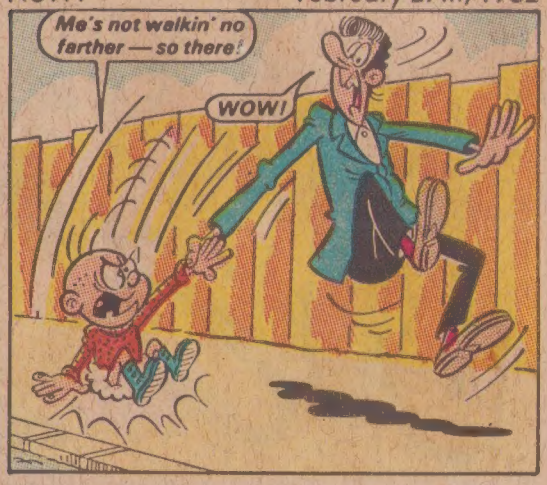
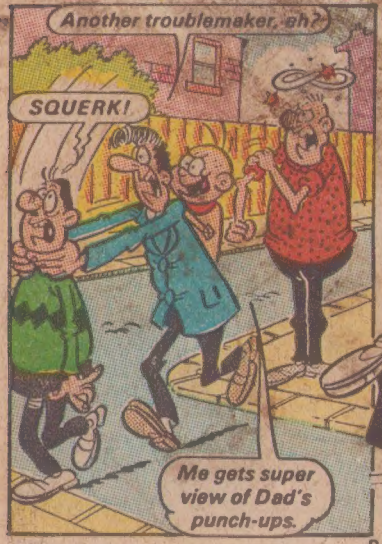
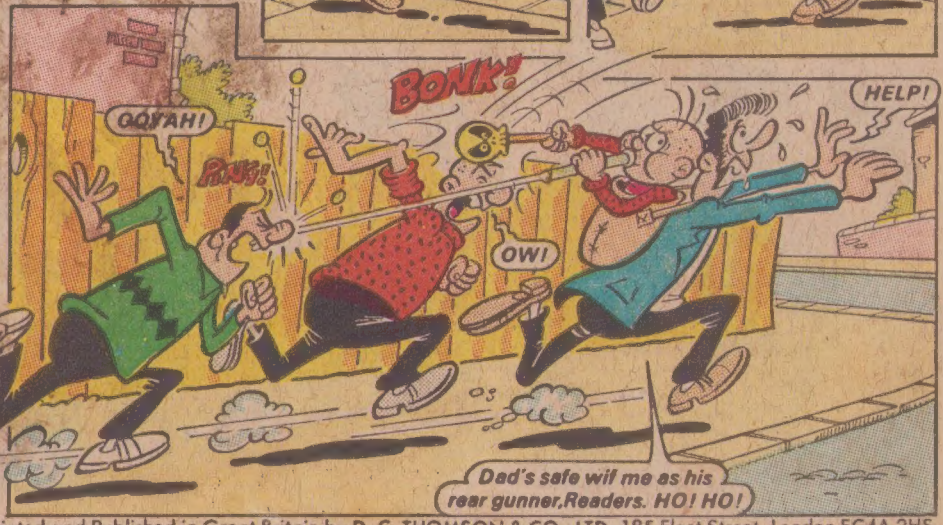
Cuddles





Me want to be carried in one of 'em fings!
NOW SHOWING REGAL CINEMA "THE MUMMY'S REVENGE"
Hmm! At least he'd be kept out of mischief.





Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.
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